

THE TAR HEEL.

Vol. 14,

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, CHAPEL HILL, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1906.

No. 19.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

AN APPROPRIATE CELEBRATION

Good Speeches And Splendid Music Mark the Occasion of Washington's Birthday.

Washington's Birthday received its usual appropriate and enjoyable celebration on the Hill last Thursday, the order of exercises being that announced in the last issue.

The celebration, which took place in Gerrard Hall, began at 10:30 o'clock Thursday morning, Mr. W. B. Love acting as president. After prayer by Rev. Marion T. Plyler, of the Methodist church, and music by the University orchestra, which was secured for the occasion through the joint action of the societies and the University, and a brief address by the president of the exercises, Mr. L. R. Rudisell, orator for the Dialectic society, was announced and spoke.

Mr. Rudisell had chosen for his subject: "The Curtained Corner in Washington's Life" and his speech, well wrought out and valuable for the new insight given into Washington's character, was especially noted for its beautiful language and well turned sentences.

Mr. Rudisell pictured the youth of the Virginia schoolboy, his love-making days, the dreams of future greatness in which every healthy boy indulges. He followed his career throughout the war, lifting the curtain here and there to portray important situations typical of those trying times, illustrating especially the simplicity and heroic fortitude under the bitter criticism of his policy directed at him by the supporters of General Gates, who was a candidate for the position Washington then held as Commander-in-Chief.

The next speaker was Mr. James Small McNider, of the Philanthropic society, who spoke on the subject: "From the View Point of the Carolina School Boy." His oration was a well sustained and timely plea for the instillation into the North Carolina school boy of the feeling of pride in his native State which the achievements of her sons so fully warrant.

The Massachusetts school boy, the South Carolina youth, the son of Virginia — each believes his State is preeminent in all things, always has been and will be for all time. Why is it? Because his teachers from his earliest youth have related to him the stories of his State's history and taught him to reverence and love it.

Mr. MacNider reviewed briefly some of the bright pages in our State's glorious history and touched upon some of the obscure and neglected points which are misunderstood or not noticed at all. No State has a grander record. Why shall not our youth be taught this fact?

Here the orchestra played and the audience, standing, sang with feeling, "America."

Then came the faculty address delivered by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, who took for his theme, "Individuality." Dr. Smith sustained his reputation and his speech, an original treatment of no common subject, while intensely practical and helpful was, nevertheless, polished, replete with thought and thoroughly enjoyed.

The development of individuality, said the speaker, has been a process of evolution. In the earliest stages of civilization the clan, the tribe or some other organization was the unit. But the coming of Christianity, the religion of the individual, was the greatest victory for individuality in the history of the world and the Sermon on the Mount was its grand Magna Charta. Then after a time the influence of absolutism began to be felt again and this time it was Martin Luther who stepped forth and won a second victory.

The germ of an individuality is born within each one of us and it is a priceless gift which awaits improvement. Individuality is the basis of all character and only in so far as one develops it can he make himself felt in the world of action. Its education is a letting out and not a pouring in process.

There are three faculties which are of prime importance to success and which lie latent in each one. The first is the power of concentration. Concentration is the cutting edge of personality and the education which fails to give it is a failure. The second is the power of confident and resolute belief, a faculty which the world seems to be losing. Believe something and adhere to it. The third is the power of bearing responsibility. There two kinds of people in the world. One can stand responsibility and attains success. The other class is composed, perhaps, of brilliant and gifted people but, lacking this faculty, they fail. Cultivate, therefore, this power, if you would win.

After a prolonged selection on which the orchestra did itself proud, the exercises were declared completed and the crowd wended their way to the postoffice.

No.

To the Editor of The Tar Heel:

Is it true that Messrs. Drury Philips and James A. Gray, Jr., are going to start up a new magazine? I have heard that they are and should like to know.

READER.

Our correspondent is misinformed. The gentlemen in question, while fully capable of undertaking such an enterprise, have at present no such project in view. They are merely working out a plan for the publication of a special issue of the University Magazine by the Sophomore class. Presumably it is this which has occasioned the rumor of which you speak.—THE TAR HEEL.

THAT ASSOCIATION GAME.

The Game Comes Off On Schedule Time and One Side Beats the Other, Two To Nothing.

The game of association football, announced for last Thursday afternoon came off on schedule time, and was apparently what it was predicted to be, a snappy game. The crowd might have been a good deal larger without taxing the powers of the athletic park beyond its limit of endurance. It might also, possibly, have been more vociferously enthusiastic without great danger its nervous systems or vocal organs.

This, however, does not apply to the players. They went into the game with uncooling ardor, undiminished vim and unweakening energy, and paused not to catch their breath from a half's beginning until its end. It is the sort of game, anyway, which is more exciting to the player than to the onlooker.

But if it lacked anything of interest to the crowd, this was atoned for by the novelty. It was so like and yet so unlike a regulation football game. There were the two teams of eleven men each, lined up opposite each other. There were the officials. There, looming up at opposite extremes of the field, were the goal posts. There was the leathern sphere, always "the cynosure of all eyes" and the recipient of all kicks.

But with the beginning of the game the difference became apparent. Instead of a player grasping the ball in his arms and dashing around an end or darting through a hole in the group of human forms, each endeavoring to lay hands on him and fell him to the earth—instead of this there was kicking, running and kicking again. To touch it with the hands was forbidden. When the ball found itself in the midst of a group of a dozen players, each of whom strenuously strove to send it toward his own goal, then it was that the game to the uninitiated [which, being interpreted, is the crowd] became humorous. Apparently shins received more of the kicks than the ball. As it darted hither and thither one wondered how the football players on the teams could keep from picking up the elusive sphere and, making a sensational run for a touchdown, settle the business in short order.

"Who won?" asked an interested spectator of one of the players as he leaped over the sidelines.

"The other side," was the disconsolate reply. "The other side" was Captain Stevenson's and the score was 2 to 0. The heaviest man in the game was 185; the lightest 110; the linesmen were Messrs. Gardner and J. K. Wilson.

—Governor Glenn has accepted an invitation from Judge McRae in behalf of the law class to deliver an address before that class in the early part of April.

THE PRIDE OF WEST END.

A Fourteen Hundred Pound Specimen of Hog Flesh Submits to an Interview.

West End boasts the biggest hog in seven counties, or maybe eight, for all that anybody knows to the contrary. It is the property of a middle aged negro who lives just this side of the depot. It is not merely of late that the animal has attained his unusual size. For months he has been an attraction for the scores of youths who daily stroll depotwards, seeking rest and inspiration.

A TAR HEEL man was in a group of sightseers that visited the place the other afternoon.

"We're looking for the big pig," volunteered the spokesman, to the colored individual who met them at the gate.

The man proudly escorted the party to the rear part of his yard where, in different compartments, and in diverse postures of repose various specimens of the genus swine reclined.

The negro pointed to one pen, partitioned off from the rest. "Dere he is, suh; dere he is."

The crowd rubbered. And, sure enough, there lay his hogship, calmly taking his ease, oblivious of the petty cares of this trivial, one-horse world.

"Get up, sir," ordered his owner, rudely breaking into his majesty's meditations by punching him with a miniature fence rail which, with a fierce growl of disapproval, he seized in his teeth. He clambered to his feet awkwardly and with difficulty and stood, like a mountain of flesh, glaring sullenly at his tormentors.

"Gosh, a reg'lar buffalo!" ejaculated one of the group.

"More like a rhinoceros," interjected a second. "Look at the face and snout."

And, in truth, there was a striking resemblance between the beast which stood lowering before them and the awesome creation which yawns at one from circus posters or from the cage of the menagerie.

"What does he weigh, uncle?" was next in order.

"Well, suh, I give him 'leven hundred, dressed," was the reply in a conservative tone.

"How about the way he stands now, without his clothes on." The inquisitor was the same individual.

"Fourteen hundred, suh, at least. Not an ounce less."

The brute, by this time, appeared to divine the fact that there was nothing going on which demanded his immediate attention and sank clumsily back to the earth. The inquisitive spectator opened his mouth to ask yet another question, but what that question was, no human being will ever know. Just at that moment there came clanging over the hills the clarion note of the supper bell. Hurriedly but not disrespectfully the party departed, leaving the hog king to his dreams.